

### The Waiting Time.

There are days of deepest sorrow  
In the season of our life,  
There are wild, depressing moments,  
There are hours of morbid strife,  
There are times of stormy anguish,  
When the tears refuse to fall;  
But the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,  
Seeking things beyond their reach;  
And the heart grows sick with hoping  
Ere it learns what life can teach,  
For, before the fruit be gathered,  
We must see the blossoms fall;  
And the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

Loving once, and loving ever,  
It is sad to watch for years  
For the light whose fitful shining  
Makes a rainbow of our tears.  
It is sad to count at morning  
All the hours to even fall;  
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,  
Though the sudden, crashing blow,  
Beating back our gathered forces,  
For a moment lays us low,  
We may rise again beneath it,  
None the weaker for our fall;  
But the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit,  
And Hope's brilliant garb is threadbare  
Till its brightest tints are gone,  
Then, amidst youth's radiant tresses,  
Silent snows begin to fall,  
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson,  
That God knoweth what is best,  
And a silent resignation  
Makes the spirit calm and blest;  
For we know the day is coming  
For the changes of our state,  
When our hearts will thank him meekly  
That he taught us how to wait.

### An Imitation Wife.

I had adjusted my tie, taken up my hat and was preparing to leave when the door slowly opened and my mother came in.

"Going out, are you Tom?" said she.

"Yes."

"Where—to another party?"

"Yes."

"That makes three this week doesn't it, Tom?"

"Yes. We're hurrying to get through. Going to take Miss Beaufort to-night, and then I'm done with the jolly club's parties."

Mother somehow or other didn't seem to think very much of what I said.

"Tom, I wish you would get married," she said, with a troubled face. "I believe you would stay home more."

"Well, I am awfully tired, mother, and completely worn out."

"Then why don't you quit it?"

"The best reason in the world mother. I am neither engaged nor in love, but am willing to be both."

It was getting late so I started after this, but the sad look on my mother's face set me to thinking. My mother is the best woman in the world, even if I do say it myself, and I felt worried about her. She was right. I was out nearly every evening—this evening at a reception, next time at a ball, then a theatre party and so on.

Of course I could well afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's was a liberal one. But I was not saving a penny, and my home folks never saw me except at the table. Even poor old patient mother was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There was that Beaufort girl—she was a fine one. Could dance any dance, talk about anything, and make you have the finest time in the world.

Then there was Vene Wright. She would play a game with a fellow, go rowing, skating—anything for fun. Then, Vene had money; that was an important item. Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vene on the subject of matrimony?

"Thomas, old son," said I to myself, Vene is the one.

But Vene somehow or other did not exactly suit the case, and my mind reverted to Miss Beaufort, who was smart, pretty, stylish and suited better, but I knew nothing about her financial standing. This was an important matter to me in those days.

Meanwhile the carriage approached Miss Beaufort's. I had never been there before, and to my surprise found it to be a very unpretentious house. I confess I was disappointed. I expected to drive up to an elegant mansion, be ushered into a fine reception room by a servant in livery and there await the coming of Miss Beaufort. Then I expected to make a bold dash for her heart—propose, and possibly be accepted or declined by the time the party was over.

But not so. A little lady with gray hair opened the door, and she was introduced to me by Miss Beaufort as "mamma." Miss Beaufort was ready and waiting, so we walked out to the carriage.

"Mr Silver," said she after we had seated ourselves, "don't you think there is a great amount of snobbery in society and lots of downright foolishness?"

"Well, yes," said I.

"For instance," said she, "here is an elegant carriage that you have brought for me, and yet the party is not half a mile away."

"This was certainly very refreshing. I had actually squandered one pound to have this carriage for the evening,

and she was not pleased with it. I know Vene would have enjoyed a ride in it.

"Mr. Silver," she remarked again, "this is the last party I am going to this winter."

"Well, why?" said I. "Aren't you going to take in the German club ball and the others?"

"No," said she. "Mamma hasn't the money; she can't afford it. Besides, Mr. Silver," she continued, "can you really afford to spend so much money on society?"

I looked at her. There was honesty fairly shining out of her pretty black eyes, even if she wasn't very polite, so I answered her honestly:

"No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot! I haven't saved a penny this winter, and I get a big salary. It seems idiotic."

I have met you so frequently I feel quite well acquainted with you, though I expect I have been a little impolite."

"No," said I. "I am glad that you take that much interest in me."

Then we changed the subject. I had a splendid time at the party and enjoyed Miss Beaufort's company very much. I found her level headed and bright, if she was too frank.

The next day I told mother about it. She said she admired Miss Beaufort for her common sense, though she had never seen her. Then she referred again to my getting married.

"Suppose," said she, "that you pretend for a week or so that you are married and see how it goes?"

"An imitation wife," said I.

"Why not?" she said. I will write the name of a young lady on a card, seal it in an envelope and you can lock it in your desk. Then let us suppose you are married to her for say two weeks. During that time I want you to act just as if the lady were here in person and your lawfully wedded wife."

"Whose name are you going to write on the card?" said I.

"Never mind," said she. I will write my preference and neither of us will breathe a word about this to a living soul."

We agreed on this. Mother wrote the name on the card and sealed it in the envelope. I knew it was Vene Wright's name, so I decided to imagine that Vene was there in person, and so we commenced the week.

Monday night came. That was the night of the German club ball; but I staid at home and talked to mother. Then I played drafts with her for awhile, and we managed to have a very enjoyable evening.

Next morning mother met me at the table with smiles and about the best breakfast I had eaten for a long while.

"You must imagine that your wife saw to this breakfast," she whispered.

Going to the city this morning who should get into the 'bus but Miss Beaufort. I bowed to her gracefully, passed her fare to the conductor, and was about to sit down by her side when I happened to think of my imitation wife at home, and kept my seat by the door.

"Married men have no business talking to the young ladies," said I to myself.

Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queerly, but said nothing, and I thought the 'bus would never get to the city.

Thursday was the evening I was to call on Vene, and I forgot to send her an excuse. On Friday a note came from her which mother took the liberty of opening as she thought I would not care, and she felt like representing my wife in the desk. It was a tender missive and somewhat surprised me when I saw it. But what could I do? Married men have no business getting tender notes from young ladies. Inasmuch as I had contracted to carry out mother's plan for two weeks, I left the note for mother to answer. She is a very truthful woman, but in answering the note she prevaricated.

She said that I was very sick, and as a natural consequence Vene called that afternoon to see me, but I was at business, and mother had to invent another story. Then she had to come all the way to the office so as to keep me from coming home my usual way for fear Vene might catch us.

I laughed a good deal at mother, and Vene did not find us out, but Mrs. Jones—an awful gossip—met her, and Vene told her I was sick, and the next day all my society friends came round, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but invited her to stay awhile.

"I suppose Mr Silver is almost worn out with so much going out," said the young lady.

"He is much better," said mother, "but I do not think he will go out for several weeks. I think that I shall keep him at home."

"I am so glad," said Miss Beaufort; "not that you are going to keep him at home, but that he is not going out so much. I am getting so that I fairly detest society." Here was a woman who had mother's views, and they both thereupon had a confidential talk and pleased each other mightily.

Then she asked the mater to call

on her mother, which she did. Meanwhile I was staying at home every evening and was getting pretty tired of it, as the two weeks were drawing to a close.

"Don't you think a man ought to take his wife out once in a while?" said I to mother.

"Why not?" said she.

"Then I'll take her to the theater tonight." So I took a couple of reserved seats at Drury Lane theater for the following night, and mother, who represented my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before I noticed that they were adjoining those of Miss and Mrs. Beaufort.

We went home together that night and talked a good deal.

I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort what we had been doing, but I did not hear it. I know that several days later, after my two weeks of married life were over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort. We had a very pleasant time together, and just as I was about to leave the old lady came in.

"I forgot to ask you, Mr. Silver, what you thought of married life," said she.

Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but laughed.

"Mother has been telling you, has she?" said I.

"Well," said I, "during the two weeks I was married I read three good books, gained four pounds in weight, saved 5¢ 10s., besides paying mother for my wife's board and the tickets to Drury Lane."

"And who were you married to?" asked Miss Beaufort.

"I forgot to look," said I. I hurried home to see who my wife had been. The envelope was just as I had placed it in my desk drawer. I tore it open, and there was the name of Miss Beaufort.

"Well," said I, "mother made her an imitation wife, now I will try to make her a real one."

And so I did.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proofs so easy, can you afford to doubt. Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

The great want to-day is not for more opportunities, but the power to grapple with hindrances to obtain the desired objects. The men who are filling leading places in the various callings and pursuits of life are usually those who in their youth had to battle with adversity and meager opportunities, and who, by the force thus developed, have risen to their present high stations.

It is interesting to note that on this principle the sons of the royal family of Germany are required to learn a trade, some manual industry, that they may learn self mastery, and be able to endure hardship. A self-indulged, easy-going boy, who never knew one act of self-denial, promises little in the years of mature manhood. The boy is father to the man in that sense.

I suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head—for a week at a time I could not see. I used Ely's Cream Balm and in a few days I cured. It is wonderful how quick it helped me.—Mrs. George S. Judson, Hartford, Conn.

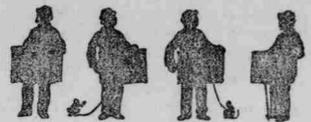
For three weeks I was suffering from a severe cold in my head, accompanied by a pain in the temples. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me. After only six applications of the Balm every trace of my cold was removed.—Henry C. Clark, New York appraiser's Office.

A splendid way to improve the memory is to begin by treating it as if it were another person, and then charging it, upon penalty of a severe upbraiding, to keep until wanted the information, fact, date, name or whatever is to be remembered. By this course you unconsciously do two things—you sort out things worth while to know, and you impress the memory in such a way as to cause it to grasp and keep them.

The latter is a most important thing to do. Half of one's forgetfulness comes from failure to properly grasp what it is you are to remember. It is said of Thos. B. Reed, the famous member of Congress from Maine, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives for two years, that he considered it a great hardship to have to tell a man the same thing twice.

You ought never to cause any one such hardship.

HANDSOME VERMONT HOMELY.—Who is that fine looking lady that we just passed, Clara? Why that is Mrs. Snow. Well, there, what a change; when I saw her last, her skin was so sallow and muddy looking, it's no wonder I didn't know her. What has produced that lovely complexion? I heard that she took Sulphur Bitters, the great Blood Purifier, and now would not be without them.



All the organs of the body are roused to healthy, vigorous action by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. More than all, the liver—and that's the key to the whole system. You have pure blood or poisonous blood, just as your liver chooses. The blood controls the health, the liver controls the blood, the "Discovery" controls the liver.

Take this remedy in time, when you feel dull, languid, and "out of sorts," and you can prevent disease from coming. Take it in any disease that depends on the liver or the blood, and you'll have a positive cure.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; Bronchitis, Throat, and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and for the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, it's the only remedy so unflinching and effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The Man Without a Stomach

May exist as a museum freak, but most of us recognize the stomach as necessary to life and comfort. Most of us experience a little trouble from this source occasionally, wrong action of the stomach causing dyspepsia, etc., and often the trouble extends, involving the liver and bowels, whence we find biliousness and constipation. We find also that the bowels and kidneys (nature's sewage system) become clogged with effete matter, from which comes impure blood, boils, blotches, pimples, scrofula, scrofulous swellings and cancerous complaints. The Burdock Blood Bitters taken at the beginning, or at any later stage, arrests the trouble, restores the disordered organ to activity, thereby removing every vestige of disease. B. B. B. is an absolutely pure extract of roots and herbs, which can not injure even the most delicate constitution, and as a cure for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Bad Blood, etc., succeeds in 99 cases out of 100.

Robinson's Headache Powders cure Sick Headache in just 30 minutes. Positively no failures. Those who often times have to give up work and go to bed from this painful complaint keep round, smiling and happy after a dose of Robinson's Headache Powders. These Powders cure every kind of ache and pain in the same prompt manner, including those painful affections, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. The following testimonial will satisfy the incredulous:

Consulate of the United States of America Coaticook, Canada, Oct. 6, 1891.

I here certify that I have used Robinson's Headache Powders, and found immediate relief from severe headache, and heartily recommend the same to any who may be suffering from nervous or sick headache.

ALFRED W. STREET, (U. S. Consul)

The Powders are obtainable at all drug stores or where medicines are kept at 25c per box, or if not so obtainable will be forwarded by post by addressing the proprietors and enclosing the price. ROBINSON CO., (For Canada) Coaticook, P. Q., (for U. S. Island Pond, Vt.)

A Wonderful Little Pill!!

ROBINSON'S LITTLE PINK LIVER PILLS.

CURE pain and fullness in the stomach from over eating in 20 minutes.

CURE headache from biliousness and indigestion after one dose.

CURE Constipation after two doses; will permanently cure constipation in one week.

JAUNDICE and all forms of liver complaint yield rapidly to the use of these little pills.

The Kidneys and bowels act naturally, the blood becomes rapidly purified, the nervous system toned up, the pale faces assume a glow of health, and whoever uses them becomes a new person.

They are so prepared as to contain stimulant, tonic, pain relieving, and blood purifying elements, and so mild are they in their operation you would not know you had taken a pill.

These Pills are for sale at all drug stores or where medicines are kept, or will be forwarded by mail on receipt of price, 25c.

ROBINSON & CO., Props., Coaticook, P. Q., and Island Pond, Vt.

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SUICIDES

From the Same Cause

Are announced in every paper. Would you be rid of the awful effects of La Grippe?

There is BUT ONE SURE REMEDY that NEVER FAILS, viz.

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA.

We Guarantee to CURE you or REFUND your money.

COULD WE DO MORE? ISN'T IT WORTH A TRIAL?

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Will buy Maple Sugar.

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and want to close out our summer stock and will give you prices on anything you want in

Clothing, Odd Pants, Overcoats, Boys' Suits. Big drive on Straw Hats at 25 cts., worth 50. Ties 15, 25 and 50 cts.

Shirts, all Kinds.

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Save your fruit.

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—Save your potatoes.—

West Glover Overalls!

Save your breeches. I am not selling one hundred and ninety nine cent's worth for one dollar. But I am giving one hundred cents' worth for the dollar, as will be seen by pricing my goods.

Large stock of first class goods. Look over my SHOES! GEO. A. DOW, West Glover

Notice. Whereas Henry Valley, a ward, has left my guardianship without my permission and gone to parts unknown to me, this is to notify all persons that I shall pay no debts which he may hereafter contract. Oliver Valley. Dated at Barton, July 11, 1892.

Notice. Just come in to the Post Office and we will show you the best line of Stationery in Northern Vermont; a large line of Crane's best Papers; good lines of Ink and Pencil Tablets, Bill heads, Pens, Penholders and Penholders Memorandum Books, Fine Books etc.

A good line of Catechism and Primitives for their season. A good line of Base Balls and Bats, for the Base Ball players. Also a good line of Flavoring Extracts of all kinds, Drugs, Medicines. We can furnish you Palmer's Celery Compound, Dana's, Hood's, Ayer's and Brown's Sarsaparilla, Plasters, and for you horses we have the Old English Condition Powder, the Best in the market.

Hill's Golden Oil, sure cure for cuts and scratches. Scott's Emulsion for coughs and the Heaves. And also have Dutcher's Golden Liquid for Butter makers. All sold cheap for Cash.

We can sell you the Eureka Plow, Warranted to do good work.

Sold cheap for cash.

Geo. A. Beede

Irasburgh, Vt.

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Gimps, Pasementries, Lace Flourings, Silesias, Cambrics, Ruchings, Canvas, Wigan, Crinoline, Dress Stays, Featherbone, etc., etc.

Also anything you wish for common, every day wear, at prices as low as at any place in the state. My stock is large, fresh and clean.

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WANTED. Bids on constructing the foundation for the Catholic church upon the lot upon which said church is to be moved. Any one who would do this work can see the specification at store of Barron & Hamblet, Barton, Vt.

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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES, ask your Druggist for Chickster's English Pills, and send him word to send you a box. Take no other. Beware of dangerous imitations and cheap substitutes. At Druggists, or send for a box for particulars, testimonials and "Receipt for Ladies." Is better by return mail. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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